Mr. Thomas Dixon's New Book "The One Woman"-Author of "The Leopard's Spots" Again in the Ring-As a Work of Fiction It is not a Success.

BUT IT IS A STRONG BOOK.

"Cheerful Americans," by Charles B. Loomis; "A Duke and His Double," by Edward S. Van Zile-Literary Gossip-James Lane Allen's New Book a Success-Nothing in View from Richard Harding Davis.

THE ONE WOMAN. By Thomas Dixon Jr. Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

Spots" is still fresh in the minds of known its author as one of the most virile and fearless of writers, a man who has not hesitated to embody the convictions which have been a haunting dread in the minds of others, and put them down in plain black and white, for all the world to see.

Mr. Dixen's new book is not pretty or artistic. Considered as a work of fiction, it will not rank with many others that have been written within the past year. The story is that of the minister of a

have been written within the past year. The story is that of the minister of a Pilgrim Congregational Church in New York, who has been called to its pastorate from Southern Indiana, when the church was about to be sold from its down town location, and who has succeeded within a few months in attracting such crowds that the building becomes transferred to hold them.

such crowds that the building becomes insufficient to hold them.

The minister is described by Mr. Dixon as a man of powerful physique, big and blond, with waving hair and steel-gray eyes, with deep vibrant voice and a power to touch and thrill men's hearts through the medium of an irresistible gift of eloquence. Added to this, he is characterized in the opening chapter as "an idealist and a dreamer, in love with life colour, form, music and beauty, with she dash and brilliancy, the warmth and enthusiasm of a born leader of men."

He is portrayed in everything he says and does, and through the wonderful skill of the man who paints him with graphic word power, as an ardent advocate of Christian Socialism, believing above all else in the brotherhood of man and the solidarity of the race. Considered by the conservative element of his congregation as tending towards unorthodox, he develops strength enough to carry out his ideas and to sweep with him into a "Temple of Humanity," which he and his followers erect in the stead of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, the people whose champion he avows himself.

Up to this point, Frank Gordon, for so Mr. Dixon names his here, seems a

the people whose champion he avows himself.

Up to this point, Frank Gordon, for so Mr. Dixon names his hero, seems a very Samson among the Phillistine element, who are his opposers. But when of old, Samson pulled down the house of Dagon about the ears of the merry-makers assembled within its walls, he also was buried in its ruins. And it all came about because Samson had first found his Delliah. Frank Gordon finds his prototype in Samson, who preceded him by some thousands of years.

Before he holds his first service in the "Temple of Humanity." he has forsaken the wife and children to whom he gave the love of his early manhood, and, avowing his realization of "the end of slavemarriage and the dawn of perfect love," unites himself in socialistic ritual to another woman, whom he prefers, or who has enslaved his fancy. On his return from Europe, where he takes the second woman of his choice, the attention of New York is claimed by the opening of his socialist temple, the magnificence of the building being thus described by Mr. Dixon.

"The auditorium filled the entire space

the auditorium filled the entire space the first four stories. It seated five isand people within easy reach of the tiker's voice. The line of its coiling marked outside by the serried caps of Greek columns springing from a massive bases on the ground. The distribution of the solution of the columns and walls of onyx. Lesting on, the capitals of the columns, outer walls of rough mathle rose may stories to the first offset. Droppers fifty feet, another structure, and the fifty feet, another structure.

wenty stories to the first offset. Drop-bing back fifty feet, another structure, crowned by Greek facades, sprang ten stories higher, forming the base of the central dome. From each corner rose a ower of bronze, supporting the figures of central dome. tower of bronze, supporting the use tower of bronze, supporting the use tower of bronze, supporting the use of Path. Hope, Love and Truth, while novel of past efforts.

In the last in

Faith, Hope, Love and Truin, while scores of minarets flamed upward, flying the flags of every nation.

"The dome was crowned by a statue of liberty, holding aloft a steel staff, from which flew the solid red battle-flag of Socialism, flinging into the heavens its challenge to civilization, rising, falling, waving, fluttering, quivering, rippling in the wind, a scarlet blaze sweeping a hundred feet across the sky far above the cross on the Cathedral spire."

Having attained the summit of his desires, life seems to spread out fair and full of promise for Frank Gordon. But as in the midat of all perfection there is a hint of decay, so in the lot of the apostle or free love there arises a factor to work his undoing, and that factor is—his Delilah. She binds her Samson and drugs his senses while his attength is shorn.

Afterwards he awakens, but to what? To find that he has neglected his work and his people; that he has not comforted the sick and the dying; that he has with-bod from the feint and ways in sure.

those who are not analysts in their read-

CHEERFUL AMERICANS. By Charles CHEERFUL AMERICANS. By Charles
Harttell Loomis. Published by Henry
Holt and Company, of New York.
For sale in Richmond by the Bell
Book and Stationery Company.
The people who figure in Mr. Loomis'
"Cheerful Americans" are presented to
the public in a series of very bright and
humorous short stories, which take in a
great variety of character sketching and
incident.

Possibly two of the most entertaining of Mr. Loomis' skatches

of Mr. Loomis' sketches may be found under the titles of "The Memory of Car lotta" and an "Eastern Easter," though they all make breezy and pleasant read-

A DUKE AND HIS DOUBLE. By Edward S. Van Zile. Published by Henry Hoit and Company, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Hell Book and Stationery Company. For an attractive little story which makes no undue demands, and yet is a very attractive summer romance, Mr. Van Zile's whimsical fancy in inciton may be cordially commended. If all "doubles" were as generous and as self-sacrificing as the one which he describes, then the American girl had best confider her guest to the "double" rather than the "Duke."

#### Literary Clippings.

Literary Clippings.

The frontisplece of the August Carrent Literature is an excellent picture of Iames Lane Allen, of Kentucky, whose new book "The Mettle of the Pasture," is the literary sensation of the summer. Current Literature says of the author:
"Mr. Allen comes from Virginia ancestry and a pioneer Kentucky family. His grandparents settled in Mississippi and were of Revolutionary Scotch-Irish stock of Pennsylvania. He was born on a farm in Fayette county, seven miles from Lexington, Ky., where he spent his caily childhood. He was educated in Kentucky (Transylvania) University and graduated in 1872. For several years afterward he rought in district schools, at drat near his home and then in Missouri. He afterwards became a private tutor, and finally accepted a professorable at his alma mater, which he exchanged for a similar position at Bethany College, Weat Virginia. He gave up this latter profession in 1884, and began his career as a writer in the city of New York. The trait, which appears as frontispiece is the man to the life-strong, courageous and kindly. Taller than most most most of the profession he makes. He camped your terms as many a poor student before him, but his student days had then long passed, and when he first ventured on the uncertain career of letters he had reached manhood.

passed, and when he first ventured on the macretin career of letters he had reached manhood.

There was never a more delightful book of its kind written than "Emmy Lou." The following tribute to it is culled from the Saturday Review of the New York Times:

"With the announcement that George Madden Martin's Emmy Lou' has just gone to press for its sixth edition, an interesting story is told concerning the account of the same content of the concerning the accounter as little bookshop opposite a large commercial hotel that is chiefly accommercial hotel that is chiefly accounted as little bookshop to the traveling men migrated from the bar silvariant was accounter, and he picked it un, saying:

"Let me read you some of this, boys," it il make you ill to thin of your own kids at home, he began and read on for an hour without being once interrupted. The bookseller took seven orders for Emmy Lou' from the crowd before it went back to the bar again."

The same excellent review is authority

orders for Emmy Lou' from the clow before it went back to the bar again.

The same excellent review is authority for declaring that Mrs. Joseph Pennell will write the authorized blography of James McNeil Whistler. His economics will turn over to her, for that purpose, all the dead painter's family purpose, all the dead painter's family purpose, all the dead painter's family purpose, all the condition of the purpose of the second of the second which a better could scarcely lace been made. A countrywoman of Wistler's, like him Mrs. Pennell has dwellengther been made. A countrywoman of Wistler's, like him Mrs. Pennell has dwellengther of London. The wife of an artist, the is herself a woman of the keenest artistle instincts, and has an intimate understanding of the art life. She knew Whistler well, and comprehended him while she is a lucid and interesting writer.

Mortimer Menpes is also to write a book about Whistler.

about Whistler.

Along the line of new publications it is stated that Cyrus Townsend Brady is writing a sea story for D. Appleton and Company. It will be called "Reuben James: A Hero of the Forecastle," and will be included in the Young Heroes of Our Navy Series. The hero is described as one "who was only a common sailor, just a type of the plun American blue, just a type of the plun American blue, just a type of the plun and property in the young Heroes of the plun american blue, just a type of the plun american blue, just a type of the plun american blue just a type of the plun american blue just a type of the plun american blue, just a type of the plun american blue just a december of the p

on ovel of whether he is result in the action of past efforts.

In the last issue of the Bibliographer there is a delightful little essay on the Book-Hunter's State of Mind, by Thomas B. Silcer, Mr. Silcer makes a clear and just distinction between the real book-hunter and the book-buyer. The difference between the man who casts his fiver for trout in wild waters and the man who casts over 'stocked preserve.' In book collecting there is, as in everything of an intellectual genre, the dillectante. It has been made to be a superior of the book buyer his library by the yard-stick, he cares nothing for the loop of search and the delight of surface that he possesses it and can display it before his friends. He knows nothing of the glamor of the bookshop or the witchery of old bildings. He is the posseur, not the artist. There is no soul in his hobby; and a hobby without soul becomes either a fancy or a freak.

To find that he awakens, but to what? To find that he has neclected his work and his people; that he has not comforted the sick and the plant of the has not comforted the sick and the dying; that he has withheld from the faint and wary in spirit the meed of his boyleod and michoed, and the friend of his boyleod and michoed, and the friend of his boyleod and michoed, and the friend of his boyleod and michoed, and of Cain, the murderer, on his own forehead.

The August Bookman shows Jack London, the colock frank, the has become externed from the form the faint of Cain, the murderer, on his own forehead.

What, then is left? Why, only this When he is forsaken by all others Frank Gordon goes back to his wife—the vice and very boylish in his to tken from the Bookman's comment in regard to the success that he was acquaintances with some most at the success that he was acquaintances with some most at the contrast of the present time may serve his approached the protects him, sinds by his side, success him in prison, and procures his paradon through the power of her all-compelling devotion. The book close on the meeting of husband and wife fafter the Governor of New York has proceed in the fact of the present time may serve his approached the fermit he very thresh held of eternity.

The moral of "The Only Women" is too obvious to need explanation of comment. It is a powerful exposition of the dangerous tendencies of Socialistic and free love excepting; it makes the American home and its bearthstone an alter on which should be bernafed the trickets and the contrast of the care of the present time may serve his approach to the care of Jack London, who is too obvious to need explanation of comment. It is a powerful exposition of the dangerous tendencies of Socialistic and free love excepting; it makes the American home and its bearthstone an alter on which should be barried the trickets and the contrast of the care of Jack London, who is too obvious to need explanation of comments are contrast to the care of Jack London,

by William Ernest Henley, whose recent death is chronicled as a great loss to contemporary literature. The poem is very remarkable, and is reproduced here:

"Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be I for my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced or cried aloud; Under the bludgeenings of chance My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears"
Looms but the borror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how straight the gate.

How charged with punishments scroll.

I am the master of my fate.

I am the captain of my soul."

We Meet Upon the Level and We Part

Upon the Square.
We meet upon the Level, and we part we meet upon the Square:
upon the Square:
What words of precious meaning those
words Masonle are:
Come, let us contemplate them; they are
worthy of a thought;
In the very walls of Masonry the sen-

act upon the Figure of our Guide; walk upright in virtue's way and lean to neither side;
All-Seeing Eye that reads our thoughts doth bear us witness true; t we still try to honor God and give each man his due.

We act upon the Plumb, for the world must have its due; We mingle with the multitude a faith-ful band and true; But the influence of our gatherings in

memory is green, we long upon the Level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the Level there when the gates of Death are passed;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the Level then, but

We shall meet upon the level means of never thence depart;
There's a Mansion—'its sil ready for each trusting, faithful heart—
There's a Mansion, and a welcome, and a multitude are there,
Who have met upon the Level, and been tried upon the Square.

laboring patient here;
Let us meet and let up labor, though
the labor be severe;
Already in the Western Sky the signs
bid us prepare
To gather up our Working Tools and
part upon the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Brotherhood, the bright fraternal chain, We part upon the Square below to meet in Heaven aguin, What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are, We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

### GIRL NOT LEGALLY ALIVE

New Jersey Damsel Has Trouble in Proving Her Existence.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The misfortune

NEW YORK, July 25.—The misfortune of not being officially alive fell to the lot of Miss Addie Wright, of Jersey City, N. J. and she has just set the legal machinery of the State of New Jersey to work to show that she is in the flesh. Miss Wright was born, in the regular way, in 1881, but in some way the physician who attended the interesting ceremony had failed to report it to the burgal.

Her mother sought the city records to get a transcript of the birth, but found that no such record has been made. The doctor had not sent it in. Fortunately, the doctor is still living, and has his own record of the event, so that there will be no difficulty in establishing the fact that Miss Wright is really in the flesh.

CARYSBROOK, VA., August S.—Mr. and Mrs. Herndon Martin, of Richmond, are guests of Mr. James Lanford, They are accompanied by their niece, Mabel Clark, of Williamsburg.
Robert Whitehurst, of Richmond, is spending several weeks with Julian Jones, who recently returned from a delightful stay at Virginia Beach and Caps Hen-

#### THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoai is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human ize its value when taken into the system for the some cleaning purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it, the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines, and carries them

## 

CHAPTER XVIII The good priest stood silently looking on, knowing full well that at such a sime words were superfluous, and waiting with patience for an explanation whenever

Ralph should choose to give it him.
"She is unconscous," sail the litter

Raiph should choose to give it him.

"She is unconscous," sail the litter, stier a long look at the girls pale face.

"Yes, she has been so for several days face. Was turned to be tever was at its height yesterday, and there has been no change since men. At those she is delirious, but not violent."

At this moment the girls eyes opened and she gazed wildly at the two men.

"You will not dare, Allan Cuninng-lam," she cried in a low voice. "Leave me here with my friends. I can die with them, if eee my Anything is eafter than living with you." She shutdered this diew away, as she pointed feebly with her hand. Look it look at the crimitals. See how the sin see "id fiames mount into the air. Thay will be kind, killed, killed, killed, and you have taken me away from them."

"Poor girl," said Raiph. "It is the only good act that Cuningham ever did and his motives were evidently of the worst."

"Thank you, Price, it was so good of

Thank you, Price, it was so good of you to help me escape," continued Kate. "Yes, I can follow your directions. You will come with me? Well, perhaps it is better that you should, it is dark here, and I cannot see. This is the house? You will take care of me for a while? Thank you again, Price. Good night, good night. Ah! let me rest! I have eccaped from that awful man, and tomorrow I can cable home. Cable home, and perhaps Ralph will come."
She signed quietly and then closed

She signed quietly, and then closed her eyes.

"Ralph has come, dear Kate." said the young man, as he kneeled beside her. "Ralph has come, and will stop here till you can leave for home."

An attendant came at this point with Can this young lady have especial at-"Can this young lady have especial ar-tention?" asked Ralph. "Can she have a separate nurse? Money is no object in this case. She must get well if care will do it." He looked anxiously from the woman who bore the tray to the

the woman who bore the tray to the priest.

The latter replied at once.

"Money is no object to us, either, my son. This hospital is supported by the voluntary contributions of all classes, and, fortunately, we are quite rich for this part of the world. I have some authority here," he smiled blandly, "as it is under the care of the church, and I willingly give permission for such care as you desire. The difficulty will be in getting a trustworthy person, 10d (re who has enough interest in the etc. "I intend to do part of it myself, father," said Raiph, "and I have on the steamer, which is under my orders in the harbor, a woman that I brought with me, and who is ready and willing to aid in nursing Miss Montague. I will fetch her, with your kind permission, and I hope that with constant care we can saye the patient."

"Here comes the doctor, sir," said the attendant, looking toward the door.

The physician in attendance at the hospital was just entering the room. He was a short, jolly, fat, little man, with a smilling face.
"Ah!" he said, as he approached them,

smiling face. "Ah!" he said, as he approached them

a smining race.
"Ah" he said, as he approached them, 'ze young ladee has found a frien'. Eet ees good. Zat vill help moch."

The priest repeated Ralph's request and the doctor clapped his hands together in approval.

"Nozeeng could be bettair," he said.
"Zee yong ladee eez suffairing from zee shock of some nature. She spik of zee volcance and zen she spik of some one zai sho do not like. I judge. Some one who veesh to take her avay from some-vair, I sink, and she not want to go. Do you know who eet might be, monsieur?" he asked, turning to Ralph.
"Yes," was the reply: I know but too well, and if I had known what I know now an hour ago I would have had him locked up in prison."
"Eet ees too late, zen?" asked the doctor.

I do not much care whether he is or not, however. I came to this island to find this young lady, whether dend or allve. I feared the former. Now that

for you, I should still be wracked after-nately by hope and fear of Miss Monta-gue's fate. Now I am at least sure of where she is. Doctor," he said, turning to the physician, who had just finished hie examination, "what are the chances of her recovery?"

her recovery?"
"O, vair good, vair good, sair. She ees "O, vair good, vair good, sair. She ees shock, but, like zee rubbair ball, I zink zat she bound up again. As soon as she return to her senses, zen vee know zat she eez moch battair. You veel return again soon, eez eet not?"
"I shall return as soon as I find the woman that I purpose bringing to aid in the nursing. She came ashore with me and went in search of this man, as she saw the vessel in the harbor in which be salled from home when he decerted her

ver three months ago."
"Ah, she is not bees wife?"

"Ah, she is not bees wife?"

"No, but they lived together after the fashion of the country. He made an attempt to shoot me late one afternoon, and that night rode home an told her that he must leave at once. Since then she has not heard a word from him nor known anything of his whereabouts till she saw this vessel of which I speak upon our arrival here to-day."

"And eef she should meet him on zee street?" asked the doctor, excitedly, "vat yould she do? Vould she hold heem, or yould she run avay?"

"She will not meet him in the street, doctor. She is too keen for that. She

"She will not meet him in the street, doctor. She is too keen for that. She will see him long before he sees her, as she is looking for him, and he does not knew that she is within a thousand miles of this place nor does be suspect such a thing. No, she will not hold onto him, nor will she run away. She will follow him, that is all. If it was dark, and she had a chance, I uo not know what might happen."
"No." said the priest, "you do not know, hut you can make a pretty good surmise. His career would end then and there."
"That would be my idea," replied Raiph. "I think she feels that he has betrayed her and then cut her adrift. Moreover, she has an idea that he did it for the sake of this young lady here, which is not the fact."
"But, did you not say, or did I not gather that this man brought the young

not the fact."
"But, did you not say, or did I not gather, that this man brought the young lady from St. Pieere?" asked the priest.

"But it was against her will, and I think that is half of the trouble with her now,

that is half of the trouble with her now. What do you say doctor?"
"She has had a great shock to her nairves," replied the physician. "That would be quite sufficient to cause it, together viz., her knowledge of the fate of her fire's."

together viz., her knowledge of the fate of her frien's."

"She spoke in her delirium just before you came into the room, as though this man was trying to, or had taken her away, and that she wished to stay and suffer the fate of her friends. That shows that before she became unconscious that she knew something of this dreafful calamity. But I suppose that I had better so now, and find this woman. You make another visit doctor?"

"Yes, sair. Three during the day at present. I have these 'cepital only to care for, and I spend most of my time here. Vee haf all of the most seek patients here, and een zee case of zees yong ladee, I shall be glad to geef vatever time I haf to her."

"Would you take ner as a private stient, doctor?" asked kalph.
"She shall haf all of zee care zat I know how to give her as a patient of zees 'ospital. She haf come heer as a vanderair, and she haf as careful attentions." zees 'ospital. She haf as careful attention as wee know how to geef her. Now zat you haf come you can provide extra nurses, but my services," the little Frenchman placed his hand upon his heart and bowed gailantly, 'my services are at the disposal of madamoiselle, and I cannot take anse monce except what I am paid by the government."

"Thank you, doctor, for your kindness." I am deply grateful and I trust that I have not offended you by my offer."

"Offended! No, sair. Eet was a kind and genairous thought of yours, but I cannot accept it. She is as moch my private patient as she yould be did you pay me a t'ousand dollairs. Monee yould buy from me no bettair serveces zan I geef to mademoiselle."

He bowed as he said these words, and left the room. There was a suspicious moisture in Ralph's eyes as he turned to the priest.

"I shall not forget that," he said quiet-

He bowed as he said these words, and left the room. There was a suspicious moisture in Raiph's eyes as he turned to the priest.

"I shall not forget that," he said quietly, "He is a fine fellow, and I feel that, Miss Montague is quite safe in his hands."

"Sho is as safe as his skill can make her. I assure you. Dr. Mirot is quite a character in his way. He has a small private fortune, and prefers life in this island, going about doing all the good that he can, and charging as little as possible for a fee," said the priest as he accompanied Raiph along the airy outside corridor of the building. "You can congratulate yourself that the young lady has such a faithful and able man to care for her."

"I do. I also feel that were we to have."

"I do. I also feel that were we to have a nurse, perhaps two, installed here, with myself, for I should be always ready to do what I could, that she would undoubtedly get well."

"All, my son, I think that she will. She has lost but little since she came to this hospital. The fever has not been very high, I am told, and yet she is a very sick woman. The brain is sick. The shock must have been tremendous."

"If you knew her, father, you would understand that if this rascal tried or succeeded in taking her that the shock would be terrible to her. That, combined with the eruption, which she seems to have seen, would be quite enough to upset the strongest head for a while."

They parted at the door, and Ralph They parted at the door, and Ralph nade his way toward the water side to

find Minnie. CHAPTER XIX

Out into the sunlight went Ralph once more, but in a far different frame of mind from that in which he had entered the door of the hospital a little over an hour

ing thrown into prison. I suppose that he really saved her life, as he brought her away from St. Plerre, no matter what were his motives. He is a villain and will meet his describ before he goes much further, if there is any such thing as justice upon this earth."

"My son," said the priest, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, "let that rest in other hands than yours. I know that your anger is just, but remember, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. It is better to let such feelings die. You have found her that you seek; let the man go his ways. His fate is bound to overtake him, if he deserves it."

"Sho one can feel sure with fever in hurrying natives.

Ralph made his way along, in spite of the part of the world and install Minnie under his direct of the head of the heat at a rapid pace, for he had let this part of the world and say as much as ther, except when he is deeply interested in the welf-there of his part of the world to said on said on sider him very hopeful for a doctor. He seldom says as much as that, except when he is deeply interested in the welf-there of his part of the world to the head of the saw a small but excited group, and elbowing his way into the middle of it he noticed the burly form of a constable.

Ralph hurried toward it, with a under of the metal of the noticed the burly into the middle of it he noticed the burly of the world in the welf-time. Are you coming with us, father, "we had beet of the head of the part of the welf-time of his part of the welf-time of his part of the part of his part of the welf-time. Are you coming with us, father, "we had beet of the head of the noticed the burly into and install Minnie under his direct of his part of the welf-time. Are you coming with us, father, "will and install Minnie under his direct of his part of his part of h

Kate, you rascal!"
"Shut up, Minnie!" replied the voice of Allan Cunningham. "You've been drinking again."
"Drinking! No, sah! Much more likely dat you been drinking! You tell me whar Miss Kate is, or you nebber get 'way alive!"
"Here, constable!" called Cunningham, seeing the officer making his way into the crowd. "This woman has been drinking, and has threatened my life. Take her in charge, will you?"
"Better take you in charge!" cried the undaunted Minnie. "Mas'r officer, dis man's a rascal, an' I know it. He kill a young lady, an' I want him 'rested!"

"O, come come," said the constable, erawed by Cunningham's manner and operarince. "You keep quiet and come tit me. You've had too much rum, at shut your mouth or it will be all a worse for you." e worse for you."

Zunningham caught sight of Ralph ming down the jetty in the distance this moment, and said hurriedly; it is appear to-morrow if you need me, ficer," and leaving the crowd guickly, appeal into his waiting boat.

Tow for your lives, he said desperely to the men who were waiting for it.

he little craft swept out into the sam before Jennings arrived at the ne of the disturbance. Minr'e caught sight of him she dimar Jennings, O. Mas'r Jennings, 's dat dam' rascal Cunningham!" shut up you!" said the constable think-that he had a violent case of too much on his hands.

vant." That gentleman say dat she been nking, sah, an' dat she threaten his What gentleman?" asked Ralph, lookabout him.

In Cunning ham!" velled Minnie.

Where is he demanded Ralph,

kly, as he looked from one to the

muckly, as he looked from one to the ther, "Dar he is, sah!" cried one of the nestrees who had been looking on at the trouble, "He just gone in dat rowboat, iar. See sah, just goin' under de stern ble dat schooner, sah." "Here, officer!" cried Ralph, "This woman is right. That man attempted to shoot me and ran away from this woman. He has just attempted to kidnap a young lady who is sick in the hostial. He has just attempted to kidnap a young lady who is sick in the hostial is rect this woman. My name is Jennings and I charter that steamer out there. You get that man Cunning-tam, and I'll give you one hundred doland.

The constable dropped Minnie like a

"It would seem so," answered Ralph. | hot cake, and dashed to the nearest boat, him, offering them a dollar apiece. This

Indian Romance

him, offering them a dollar abject. This was sufficient to aget nim a crew, and soon he was after the fugitive. The men rowed like, mad, the officer leaning forward and swaying backward with the motion of the boat, all the while yelling words of encouragement and praise to them.

At length Ralph, after seeing that Cunningham had already reached his vessel, and that the sails were being rapidly loosed, turned to the brown girl, and, tolling her to come with him, started on his way back to the hospital.

CHAPTER XX.

They made their way back to the hos-

They made their way back to the hospital, Minnie talking volubly all the way, and expatiating upon the peridy of Cuningham, mingled with hopes of his capture.

"I hope dat dey catch him an' hang him, Mas'r Jennings, It serve him jus' right."

has not done anything had enough for that."

"Not done anything bad enough for dat, sah! Ain't he shot at you to try an' kill you? An' he tried to kidnay Miss Kate-ain't he run away from me? I think dat hanging is none too good for such a villain as dat."

"I think that perhaps society would be better off if he was hung," said Rainh.
"Doe't know hout 'ciety, sah, but I know

"I suppose I big too she said at last.
"I don't blame you for being angry, Minnle, but what I do think is that it is quite useless, provided that they do not eatch him before he sails, for you to go on a wild goose chase after him around the islands. How do you know 'And here you are going to chase him!

and if you found him, what could you do?"

There was a gleam in the woman's eyes as she looked up at Raiph, but she made no direct answer to his question, it was all too evident if Allan Cunningham came across her path that, were she able, he would have but short shrift. All the love which she had had for him, which had caused her to leave her home, had turned to hot, undying hatred, and but one thing could satisfy it.

"What are all those people, sah?" she asked, as they passed near a crowd of refugees drawn up for inspection by the French officers, who were going about among them.

"Those are the 'refugees," he replied. "They are coming in from all about, though some of them would be quite as safe at home as here, I should think. The mountain has done its worst."

At this moment he spled the priest, his hands crossed behind his back, watching the crowd with kindly eyes. He stepped up to him, and, touching him quietly upon the shoulder, said:

"Father, I have brought this young woman to take care of Miss Montague. She will do her best, and you may rest assured that she will be faithful."

"That is well," said the other, "I have list own from the hospital. They had sent for Dr. Mirot—nay, do not turn pelle—as the young lady had become conscious at last. She is very weak, indeed, but the doctor still has hopes that, with careful nursing and watching and plenty of nourishment, she will be quite well again some day."

Raiph felt a clutch at his heartstrings at the last words.

"He hopes!" he said, with a tremor in his voice: "he does not feel sure, then?"

"You can be a sure a great read the site of the said.

"Yes, that is true, and in many ways to be regretted, as it keeps them from heard work."

"Yes, that is true, and in many ways to be regretted, as it keeps them from heard work."

"Why should they work if they do not need to?" asked Raiph. "There is enough hard work in the world. If people can get along without it, so much the better."

"It keeps them out of mischief."

"But I cannot see that they get into much mischief, father. At least not with us. If is true they are lazy and idle, but on the other hand, they are a laughter loving, happy lot, I admit, that to put it mildly, their ideas of morals are what might be called lax, but then they are at least not hypocritical."

"They reject smiled indulgently at the young man.

"Tut, tut," he said. "I cannot listen to such sentiments, sir. It would not do for me to agree with you, but I will have to admit the force of much that you say from a standard of absolute fact, but that is no reason why they should be permitted to continue in this way."

"Well, father, we will drop the sub-

way." Well, father, we will drop the sub-fect, as I will have to admit that it is too great a one for me, and you must uphold the church side of it. I have no doubt but that you do good, and am sure that you use your best endeavors,

The good man smiled again.
"Life" he said. "from the point of view
of a priest against sin and immorality,
is full of discouragements wherever he
may dwell, my son. What is what we are
for, to combat the devil and all his
works."
They had now reached the door of the

They had now reached the door of the nospital, and at once entered its cool

hospital, and at olive antended hospital, and precincts.

Dr. Mirot was at that moment passing along the corridor, and stopped at the sight of the group.

"Ah gentlement, our patient seems much bettat. 'She is sleepin gouletly. Is thees the young yoman that ees to take care of hair?" he asked, looking at Minnie. nie.

"Yes," replied Ralph, as the girl dropped a slight courtesy to the physician.

"Yes this is Minnie, and she is guite ready to do all that she can for Miss Montague. She will carry out your directions, doctor, and I shall be here also if I may be permitted. We must see that Miss Montague recovers as soon as possible and take her home."

"Do not be to assessible and

take her home."
"Do not be too sanguine, sair," was the quiet reply. "Fevair ees a most unsairtain disease in there latitudes, and yee air nevair sure of anything until eet has entirely gone away, and the patient half-way upon the road to recovery. Ven I say zat Mees Montague was moch bettair

THE NEW HOME

CASH or CREDIT.—Highest grade machine on the market. Try it and you will buy it. See our NEW



How long are you going to fuss along with that old di'apidated carriage, paying a big part of what a new vehicle would cost for rep. irs? Have a vehicle in which you can take pride, as well as comfort. Our Repository offers a wide choice in Surreys, Buggles, Phactons, Runabouts, Stanhopes and Fancy Traps, &c. It is a good time to change.

LET US SHOW YOU OUR STOCK Our Repairing and Repainting Departments are First-Class.

R. H. BOSHER'S SONS. 15 S. 9th St., Richmond, Va.



# Cure Guaranteed for \$10.

TANNER PAINT AND OIL CO..

1419 East Main Street, RICHMOND, VA., COLD WATER PAINTS, FLOOR STAINS, BRUSHES, and PAINT-ERS' SUPPLIES.

soor people are only poor; they do not tare. Nature holds out a lavish had to them. All that they have to do is to lot in the color from a per outstream. "Yes, that is true, and in many ways o be regreted, as it keeps them from the color and the color an

as we are able."
(To Be Continued Tuesday.)